

Talking to two singers who have left the security of top groups

HE certainly looked like a star! And that's important. Despite the heat he wore a dark blue, three-piece flannel suit, white shirt and cherry-red tie.

From the top of his Leslie Cavendish cared-for head to the toes of his "Anello and Davide" designed boots he was the epitome of sartorial elegance. A Tom Jones-size cigar, perhaps the only thing out of place, completed the picture.

This was Robin Gibb.

Already he is moving slowly and surely towards that "superstar" tag enjoyed by Jones and Humperdinck. He has, for a start, an assured advance of £150,000 on record royalties—even if he never sells another single. Also another £100,000, before tax, from selling his shares in the Gibb songwriting company to brothers Barry and Maurice. Then there's the £35,000 new home in the heart of Surrey, too. And he hasn't even started earning yet.

"People have been asking him if he needed the Bee Gees for the money," pointed out manager/publicist Chris Hutchins, the man moulding Robin's new career. "But the truth is—he didn't. And anyway, he can make more money now because he doesn't have to split it with the family!"

One of the important things in pop is that if you're going to be a star — then you've got to look like one! It's no good going onstage to sing if half the audience is better-dressed than you are. So, in order to look like a million dollars, you've almost got to spend that much!

Unlike some other pop people Robin is not money-mad. Although his extraordinary extravagance is polishing his shoes with his

suits before sending them to the cleaners!

"And why not?" he reasons. "The suits are dirty anyway. That's why they're being cleaned!" Big brother Barry, you may recall, always boasting about his wealth, is reported to clean his car with cashmere sweaters!

But, basically, Robin is not rash with cash. "I'm only extravagant to a point," he confesses. "And then it's always in connection with work."

"It's extremely important to look good. It makes me feel good. I never wanted to be a handsome guy. I love being ugly. I practise expressions in the mirror. In that respect, I think I have a characteristic face."

Shoes

"But I do like to look nice," he added.

And looking nice means 20 suits. Some often costing as much as £150 each. They're from Bailey and Witherall, London, and vary in style, though he favours three-piece and frock coats. He often buys his casual clothes off-the-peg. "I have that kind of body," he grins.

Looking nice means . . . between 50 and 60 shirts. They're from Take Six boutique with long, button-down collars always. He wears a fresh one every day.

Looking nice means . . . 50 pairs of shoes. From "Anello and Davide" and

Why Robin shines his shoes with his dirty suits

by MIKE LEDGERWOOD

bought four pairs at a time, in different colours. Always ordered with a mild Cuban heel and round-toes. "I have very big feet!" Others bought are in the flat French style and patent leather.

Looking nice means . . . ties. Again from Take Six, but his taste is conservative. They're usually of the popular wide variety. And blazers—preferably in red-and-white stripe, his favourite colours, topped by long, matching woollen scarf. "Like a school-boy," he laughs. "I'll be in gym-slips next!"

Looking nice means . . . well-groomed hair, too. It's tended by the Beatles' friend, Leslie Cavendish, and shampooed and trimmed before each TV date.

"I let it go really long that time, didn't I?" he recalls. "I

finally had it cut to make it healthy. I'm growing it again, but I'll keep it shaped."

"If it's too long it can't breathe. I don't want it all over the place again like 'Denis The Menace' in the 'Beano.' Now I'm told I have a very healthy head of hair. I used to think it was pansy to have a shampoo—but it's best for your scalp."

Looking nice means . . . smelling nice. "I bath as soon as I get up; and before I go to bed. It's so relaxing. Opens the pores of the skin."

"And I like to change my after-shave. I get sick of my own smell." Favourites are "Tabac" and "Old Spice." And he also revealed the secret of that supreme coolness. It's a special formula "Eau De Cologne 4711 Ice" he picked up in East Africa.

"It's terribly hard to get," he explained. "It's like trying to get drugs. Now I fly to Amsterdam for it specially. It's about £10 a bottle, but works wonders!"



Part of the grooming — Leslie Cavendish tends Robin Gibb's hair